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Vol. XVII. No. 32

Now is the Time to Do Something About It

AN EDITORIAL

Unto the Hills

D. ELTON TRUEBLOOD

Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

Pilgrims to Celestial Isle

A TRAVELOGUE

Conference at Westfield

E. R. CARTER

Virginia Quarterly Meeting

ON THE HORIZON OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

PEACE PACT POSTERS NOW AVAILABLE

Dr. Floyd Tomkins of Philadelphia urges that Sunday Schools throughout the country be informed of the existence of the Peace Pact posters. In view of the prominence which our President and other statesmen are giving to the Pact, making it the basis of the world's further steps towards peace, it is important that we all should cooperate to the same end. The international *Rotarian*, in a recent number, carried the following pleasant reference to the poster: "We are in receipt of a couple of very attractively printed posters giving the text of the General Pact for the Renunciation of War signed at Paris last August. One is a large poster twenty-seven inches by forty-four inches and the other a small poster eleven and a half inches by eighteen and a quarter inches. Both of them are printed with the text in blue ink and a red border. The small poster can be read from a distance of ten feet and the large one from a much greater distance. We have not yet been informed as to the price of these posters, but believe single copies can be had for fifteen cents and quantities of ten or more at ten cents each. Further information can be obtained from the National Council for Prevention of War, 532 Seventeenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C."

IS THE CLASS STRUGGLE ON IN AMERICA?

Continued references in the daily press to Gastonia and Elizabethton, the cases of Mooney and Billings, the shoe workers' strike in Boston, the garment workers in New York, together with sporadic demonstrations by Communists give importance to the question, "Is the United States in for a Class Struggle?" That question will be sifted at the annual conference of the Fellowship of Reconciliation to be held at Haverford College, Haverford, Pennsylvania, September 12 to 15. The purpose of the gathering is to get the facts on the general situation, discover the tendencies and find out what should be done towards replacing the strife which is injurious to all concerned with more team work. An adequate and intelligent discussion is assured by the leadership at the conference of such men as A. J. Muste, Director of Brookwood Labor College, Robert W. Dunn, author of "Labor and Automobiles" and "The Americanization of Labor," William J. Nunn, representative of the Civil Liberties Union in the strike area of Pennsylvania while on the faculty of the University of Pittsburgh, Philip Randolph, organizer of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. The headquarters of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, from which the program of the conference can be had, is at 383 Bible House, New York City.

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HEADS WORK ON INTERRACIAL COOPERATION

Jessie Daniel Ames of Georgetown, Texas, has accepted the directorship of woman's work of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, according to an announcement from the Commission's headquarters in Atlanta, Ga. In this capacity she will not only head the woman's work of the general commission, but will also have an advisory relation to the many state and local interracial committees of women throughout the South. She will also cooperate as fully as possible with other great organizations of women, religious and civic. According to the Commission's statement, she is peculiarly qualified for this work, having for many years been a prominent figure in various women's organizations in Texas. As an officer of the Texas Equal Suffrage Association she was a leader in the suffrage campaign in that state, and after the enfranchisement of women she organized and for four years was president of the Texas League of Women Voters. During her administration the League initiated an extensive program of prison reform and other social legislation. She was also one of the organizers and the first president of the Texas branch of the American Association of University Women. When the Texas woman's committee on interracial cooperation was formed in 1922, she was chosen as its chairman. In 1924 she became the executive of the state interracial committee and has since served in that capacity with signal success. She has also been prominent in politics, having been a delegate at large to the Democratic national conventions in San Francisco and New York and alternate at the Houston convention.

EVANGELICAL CONGRESS AT HAVANA

Fifteen denominational groups were represented among the delegates to the Hispanic-American Evangelical Congress at Havana, Cuba, in June, 1929: French, 3; Northern Baptists, 19; Congregationalists, 7; Disciples, 8; Episcopalians, 8; United Brethren, 4; Lutheran, 1; Methodists, North, 28; Methodists, South, 24; Free Methodists, 2; Presbyterians, U. S. A., 41; Presbyterians, U. S., 6; Cumberland Presbyterians, 1; Evangelical Synod of North America, 2; Seventh-day Adventists, 1. There were also a representatives of the Y. W. C. A.; 3 from the Union English speaking churches; 4 from the Evangelical churches of Santo Domingo; 2 from the Evangelical churches of Spain, and 1 from the Evangelical Union of South America, 168 in all, besides 31 visitors. By countries the delegates were grouped: Porto Rico, 21; Santo Domingo, 5; Cuba, 35; Mexico, 30; Spain, 2; Spanish-speaking churches in the United States, 16; Colombia, 6; Guatemala, 2; Honduras, 1; Nicaragua, 2; Panama, 3; Salvador, 1; Venezuela, 2; 4 from the Cuban Organizing Committee, and 38 board representatives and specialists from the United States.

THE AMERICAN FRIEND

AUTHORIZED BY THE FIVE YEARS MEETING OF FRIENDS IN AMERICA

WALTER C. WOODWARD, Editor

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EDITORIAL

Now Is the Time to Do Something About It

AS we know our readers must have been, we were thrilled at President Hoover's announcement that our national cruiser building program is to be suspended awaiting an effort to reach an understanding with Great Britain on disarmament. Not only were we thrilled over the content and significance of the announcement—we were full of admiration for the statesmanlike way in which the situation was developed and presented. The background had been carefully prepared. With appropriate and impressive ceremony, the final ratification of the Peace Pact was announced and the Pact formally declared to be in force as the law of the land and of the nations. Meantime, Ambassador Dawes and Premier MacDonald had been working out an understanding in London, the sequel of which was the Premier's declaration in Parliament, announcing the prospective suspension of cruiser building on the part of the British government, pending negotiations with the United States. How natural and timely, then, that the President, in keeping with the principle of the Peace Pact and reciprocating the spirit shown by the British Premier, should declare a suspension of our cruiser building program! It seems so obvious and simple in the telling that it is easy to overlook the forethought and finesse required to bring events to so favorable a focus.

Let no one assume, however, that so great a victory has been so easily won. In military terms it is a skirmish rather than a victory; a skirmish in which the Peace forces have gained a favorable position. The real fight is to come and it is already on. And the issue is being drawn just where the President drew it—on holding up the construction of cruisers. In short a desperate effort will be made to drive in President Hoover's skirmish line.

As was to be expected, the Commander of the American Legion sent a telegram of sharp protest to the President, assuming to give him some needed information on the question. President Hoover wrote him a straight-out letter in reply, telling him, in polite language, that he did not grasp the situation clearly. This is indicative of the attack that is being made on the Presidential peace policy. The outcome will not be decided in the national capital. It will be decided in the communities all over the country in which we common people live—we common people who are sovereign if we care to be.

We have recently seen statements to the effect that with the election of Herbert Hoover a new mood is coming over America—a mood in which fast living and law defiance are ceasing to be thought smart; also a mood in which sabre rattling and international swash-buckling are coming to be discounted in favor of neighborliness and decency. We hope and believe it is so. There is a fine opportunity at hand to find out how far this new mood has possessed the American people, particularly in reference to our relations with other peoples.

President Hoover is the symbol and the example of this new American mood. But he will be a very lonely figure except as public sentiment upholds him aggressively. In addition to being conventionally militant in their attitude, a large number of Senators and Congressmen are unfriendly to President Hoover because they find in him a man so different from the usual politician. He isn't true to form. He has no sense of partisanship. They will not be at all averse to the chance to "put him where he belongs" on this cruiser building business. But Senators and Congressmen are very susceptible to word from "back home." They yield their personal and political crotchets quickly in the face of a ground swell of public sentiment. This is where we peace advocates come in. There are enough of us in all the churches, and out, to give convincing expression to the new mood which our President so convincingly and courageously expresses. Are we sufficiently in the mood to do it?

A Summer Time Meditation

NOT many days ago as we passed a nearby office building we found a large stream of water flowing through a pipe leading from the interior of the building. On inquiry we learned that in sinking a new elevator shaft, workmen had struck the vein of a spring and soon found their shaft flooded. There was nothing to do but install a powerful pump to take off the fountain stream while they labored at the shaft. For days and nights thereafter the pump worked steadily and a stream of water big enough to supply a good sized city poured out into the street. It was a week before the work inside could be completed and the spring stopped, its gushing stream sent again on its subterranean journey.

It was a fresh demonstration to us of the inex-

haustible supply and power of an unquenchable spring. Apparently the pump might have worked until it wore itself out, yet the spring would have continued to pour forth its waters. The designs of men and powerful machinery could divert the stream but could not quench it. We can but wonder at its source. There are springs that fail and when most needed. But here it was in the heart of summer. There is evidently a white-capped mountain somewhere whose eternal snows feed this and other perennial springs.

Is it surprising that biblical writers in speaking of the spiritual life spoke so often in terms of springs and fountains and rivers of living waters? They lived in a land of springs, which, however, was adjacent to waterless deserts. They simply wrote of what they so continually observed and experienced. When they spoke of the deeps within, what more natural than that they apply the figure of the hidden and cooling streams—of the generously flowing waters that carried life and happiness? What more appealing promise could have been made than this by Isaiah? "And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not."

It is the Psalmist, however, who sounds the profoundest depths of experience when he exclaims, "All my springs are in Thee." No question there, either of the continuance or the supply of the flowing water. The fountain head is eternal and never failing. Moreover, the currents which flow through the life of the Psalmist are united and harmonious — they *all* flow from the same pure source.

In the spring which broke forth under the office building we found a helpful summer time meditation, which we pass on unencumbered with needless object lesson. Enough, if we can unite in saying, "All my springs are in Thee."

Unto the Hills

By D. Elton Trueblood

SIXTY-SIX years ago the City of Washington had been converted into one vast hospital ward, its public buildings filled with the wounded and dying of the northern army. Many of the sufferers were only boys, twenty years old or less, but they already knew what it was to have crushed bones, torn limbs, and disfigured faces, just as many other young men knew, who happened to be in the opposing army. The world seemed an utterly dreary place to these victims of the struggle and many did not even wish to live.

One day there appeared on the scene a giant of a man with a great gray beard and smiling eyes, Walt Whitman. Walt lived in a garret and spent every cent he could scrape together to buy candy and trinkets for the wounded boys among whom he moved like a strange gray angel. He helped them write their letters, and gave every man he met a cheery or a sympathetic word. But the greatest help he gave was when he would talk to them of other scenes in order to take their minds away from the agony. He had been in every part of the Union and could talk to a boy from Massachusetts or from Illinois about the scenes he loved. Together they would discuss the gathering of harvest, or the shocking of corn, or the smell of a mild autumn evening, or the opening days of spring.

Why did this talk of Walt Whitman's help the men more than anything else that was done for them? It was because he took their minds from the passing, temporal scenes and centered them on the more eternal. He helped to lift their eyes from the sordid ground and make them see the beauty towering above it. He taught them to be farsighted, to look not merely at what is near at hand, but to see life in longer perspective.

The same idea was expressed centuries ago by a Hebrew psalmist who declared, "I will life up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." The Hebrew singer had learned one of the finest lessons of life; he had learned to center his gaze, not on the litter and mud at his feet, but on the beauty of the hills above. The mud is real and must be considered, but the hills are equally real, and far more important. There are scenes of sorrow, but there are scenes of surpassing joy also, and why should he not concentrate on them? There are moments of bother over perplexing details, but there are also times when only the big things seem to count, and why should we not attempt to lift our eyes to these? One man says that when he is forced to listen to gossip and drivel he simply lets the sound come and go, while he begins to turn over in his mind some beautiful piece of music which restores his sense of the dignity and meaning of life. When he does that, he is simply lifting his eyes to the hills.

When people leave the cities and go for a vacation to the seashore or the mountains, it is not the water or the actual hills that most draws them. They are, in reality, trying to escape for a time from the petty side of existence and see life in its larger, bolder aspects. One finds that the hills remain calm even though the stenographers are stupid; he finds that the waves of the sea roll on ceaselessly, even though the best dish in the house is broken. In the presence of these high enduring scenes, the little difficulties and perplexities cease to be quite so important. The wise men and women have always known what it is to lift their eyes to the hills and away from the sordid plain.

Unfortunately we cannot escape on a moment's notice into the hills or the deep woods or to the seashore, and some are never permitted to do so. What can we do then? Since it is perspective and poise and balance we want, there are many hills to which we can look in addition to those made of granite. When we center our attention on any large or significant or eternal object we are lifting our eyes to the hills.

The most glorious single thing in the whole creation is a great person. Human life is capable of foolishness and cruelty and pettiness, but it is at the same time capable of reaching to surprising heights. Most of our discouraging situations in daily living are concerned with people, people who make unnecessary trouble for themselves or others, people who refuse to help themselves, even though they are given every opportunity, people who spread gossip and stir up hatred. There are moments when we feel like agreeing that in a generally lovely universe, "only man is vile." Think how man has changed beautiful country scenes into an abomination of ugly tenements, or polluted the air with smoke and stench.

In such a mood we get new perspective if we think of the careers of some who have dignified human life and shown its possibilities. The reading of biography has become a literary fad in our generation, but it is a fad which should be encouraged. The great array of Lincoln biographies which have appeared in the last ten years are a good sign; they mean that several thousand persons have been helped by directing their

gaze, for a time at least, away from the sordid and petty. In Lincoln these readers find a great, rugged, human spirit, concerned with large and important issues, and refusing to fight in the lowlands. They find something there much nobler than a politician; they find a man. The readers forget for a moment their immediate concerns, and live through the pioneer boyhood, the prone years, and the heroic days at the head of the nation.

It is gratifying also to note the interest which has been aroused in the literary leaders. Lives of Shelley, Byron, and Goethe have been best sellers and continue to be. It gives one new courage in the struggle against the chains that shackle men, to realize how bouyantly free Shelley was. His spirit was so free and bird-like that it could not conform itself to ordinary standards, but that only gives us hope concerning what humanity may eventually become. The eighty-year life of Goethe, with its early struggles and its long period of peace, towers above our little lives as a mountain towers above the foothills at its base. When we see too much of futile living it is good to remember that Goethe also lived.

One of the most interesting phases of the biographical tendency of our time is the continued demand for lives of Jesus. Few of them tell anything new, but author after author seems forced to rewrite the story and there are always many who are glad to read. Instead of being "the man that nobody knows," he is rapidly becoming the man that everybody knows and they are helped by it. It is always a reviving and purifying thought to remember that nineteen centuries ago there lived a young man who was infinitely courageous, infinitely kind, and infinitely serious. It makes the whole world seem different just to remember him; as George Fox said, it gives the creation a new smell.

In the career of man on this planet there have been produced a few works of such enduring beauty that they have survived the ravages of time. It is our great good fortune that these are available for all of us whenever we feel the need of their purifying and ennobling influence. The person who reads only the newspaper is to be greatly pitied, for he centers his gaze constantly on the putrid and petty. He sees only the nearby mud and never gains poise or balanced perspective. This can be overcome by turning regularly to the noble monuments of the human mind.

Contrast, for instance, the experience of reading the details of a murder story with that of reading the twenty-third Psalm. There were murders in Palestine, but it was the song of trust that endured. One has only to repeat a few of the noble lines and he sees life from a new angle, he has become a different person. The same can happen from familiarity with some of the words of Jesus. The world looks different from that height.

Much of the same experience comes to us when we read the matchless words of Plato in which he describes the courageous death of Socrates. Or think of that line in Dante which Matthew Arnold said the finest in all literature, "In his will is our peace." That one line is worth more than a trainload of tabloid newspapers.

The ways in which we may lift up our eyes to the hills are endless, but the strange thing is that we so seldom avail ourserves of the opportunity. It is as though a man having before him the choice of looking at a nearby pig pen or purple hills in the distance were to choose continually the former. Perhaps we are suffering from a congenital nearsightedness. If we are, the psalmist is also our oculist. The pig pen is there and we need to face the fact of its existence, but we shall be better able to remove it, if we cast our eyes by a frequent glance at the far horizon.

A keen young woman reports that she likes sermons that are totally impractical, sermons that do not tell her what she must do in the following week. It is not that she wants to shirk her duty, it is simply this old realization that a person can do his best only when he lifts his eyes from the nearby task and rests them by a longer look. If this is true our service of worship ought not to be practical, they ought not to discuss political or controversial problems; instead, they should direct men's eyes to the elements of human life that are as beautiful and enduring as the granite hills. The office of religion is to help men to lift their eyes to the hills.

Guilford College, N. C.

The Friends Meeting

By Albert Lindley Beane

Read July 7 at the rededication of the Friends Meetinghouse at Le Grand, Iowa.

My memory loves to linger round the house
In which the Friends on "First day" morning met—
A plain and spireless building painted white,
And guarded on all sides by maple trees. . . . .
The gallery was the part I liked the best—
Three facing seats with men and women filled,
The men's half being to the women's left.

The women's quaint silk bonnets held great charm,
Bestowing sweetness, poise and dignity
On placid faces, forceful though demure.
The countenances of the serious men
Betokened thoughtfulness, restraint and strength,
And men and women both seemed pondering
Upon the things momentous to the soul.

They thought "the Spirit" moved them when they spoke,
And certainly some gracious, mystic power
Worked through them to the betterment of man. . . .
They loved to speak of Gilead's fragrant balm,
(Comparing it to solace for the soul)
And Mount Gilboa's rainless, dewless realm
As type of lives that lacked the Spirit's dews—
Yet words had not the space of silence there,
Broad seas of which seemed mightier than speech,
And bore the musers as in white-winged ships
To some kind harbor rich in joy and peace.

No benediction marked the sitting's close;
With Margaret Hammond, Barclay Jones shook hands,
They having places at "the Meeting's head,"
And not so far apart they could not take
Each other by the hand ere they arose.
When "meeting broke" a cordial spirit reigned,
The members all extending kindly hands,
With queries such as "How is thee today?"

Those Friends no more in social silence meet—
Their kindly ministrations here are done,
Yet seed they cast upon the waters with great hope
Has given ripened grain we reap today;
They fanned the spark of truth that they possessed,
Contentment gaining from their duty done,
And if today we fan a larger flame,
Still larger our successors will support—
And thus the cycles move to greater light—
Each generation giving of its best
To make illumination that the old
Could not have borne, for reason that their eyes
Were only equal to the light they had.

For knowledge to become wisdom, and for the soul to grow, the soul must be rooted in God: and it is through prayer that there comes to us that which is the strength of our strength, and the virtue of our virtue, the Holy Spirit.—William Mountford.

Pilgrims to the Celestial Isle

Via Whiskey Island and Gin Rocks!

(Continued from last week)

ARRIVING at Temperance House, Niagara, Ward Applegate and the Editor waited about fifteen minutes only, when Wilbur K. Thomas put in his appearance. Pretty close connection, we thought, between New England and Indiana. Starting early that morning, he had driven 385 miles from Great Barrington, Massachusetts, in his rough and ready old Studebaker, to which we made our way to see what Wilbur had brought us in the way of boy friends from down east.

We found James Coney, a transplanted Englisher who, after four years of acceptable service at Lynn, Massachusetts, has been appointed Superintendent of the Evangelistic Committee of New England Yearly Meeting. Curled up in the back seat looking pensive was Ralph Boring, pastor at Glens Falls, New York, writing a long letter to his wife, whom he had not seen since the evening before. And there was a *real* boy, Folger Thomas, 14-year-old son of Wilbur K.

For James Coney, this was the first view of Niagara Falls, and it was interesting to the rest of us to see how he reacted to the spectacle. Alternating between moods of awe and ecstasy, his enthusiasm was entirely satisfactory to us, who were happy to find the Falls growing bigger and better in approved American manner. "To think," he exclaimed, "that after reading of this wonder from early boyhood, I am now actually beholding it!" Having had a similar sense of exaltation at "Damascus, Ohio," the day before, we entered into ready sympathy with James.

As personal conductors of our friend from foreign shores and to renew our own associations, we made a little sightseeing trip, first exploring Goat Island in the rapids on the American side. Crossing over to the Canadian side, involving the third customs inspection for the two Hoosiers, in about as many hours, we drove down the river to the famous whirlpool, over which an observation car or cage, swinging from great wire cables, regularly makes its way across the river and back. Of course, Folger must make the trip, and feeling that he needed proper company and chaperonage, the Evangelistic Superintendent and the Editor went along. The assurance given us that the swirling waters over which we swung, and into which we looked down fascinated, were 150 feet deep, stimulated our imagination and gave a little thrill of apprehension to the exploit.

In the midst of such floods of water, a substantial steak dinner seemed about what was needed to anchor us strongly to terra firma. True tourists that we were, we took the opportunity to mail to friends and loved ones the inevitable postcards. We read the other day that a huge monument is to be erected to the memory of the man who invented the picture postcard and that this inscription has been suggested: "Wish you were here!"

We lingered at Niagara until after nightfall in order to see the colored floodlights illuminate the Falls. The color scheme was gorgeous enough, but after all we found the Falls most impressive when the plain white floodlight played upon them, making them to stand out in the night in all their purity and effulgence.

After a last, lingering look, we repaired to our machines and took the winding highway which leads westward toward Hamilton, along the shore of Lake Ontario. After an hour's driving we stopped at St. Catharines, Ontario, for the night. Here we were fortunate in finding a fine, but moderate priced hotel just completed, the Leonard, which we gladly recommend. In fact, some of us were quite sure we were privileged to christen the rooms we occupied. As the rest of us retired, Ralph was writing home after a lapse of five or six hours, not counting the postcards mailed at Niagara—a case of "he while his companions slept, was writing homeward in the night."

Saturday morning, as an appetizer for breakfast, we drove to the apparently thriving city of Hamilton, located at the western extremity of Lake Ontario. (Another postcard winged its way toward Glens Falls.) From here we turned northeast toward Toronto, which we reached late in the forenoon.

WE PICK UP PILGRIM SEVEN

We rounded up in Maitland Street, on which are located the Friends Meeting and the parsonage. Knocking at the door of the manse, we were surprised and delighted to be greeted by Gurney and Elizabeth Binford of Japan. After visiting Friends in Canada Yearly Meeting for some time, they had been spending a fortnight in Toronto, occupying the parsonage in the absence of the Booth family, who were visiting their old home haunts in Kansas. Raymond Booth had just returned to the city, however, to join our party in our pleasant pilgrimage to Firth Island.

After visiting a little while with the Binfords and looking over the meetinghouse, we were again on our way, our party now complete. Driving almost due north from Toronto, a half hour's ride brought us to Newmarket, where is located what is perhaps the strongest meeting in Canada, next to Toronto. Raymond Booth piloted us around by the meetinghouse, a very neat appearing building, and on the door of the manse we read the name of Frank Guyatt, who has recently gone there as pastor. More recently still (on June 25 last, to be exact), he has married himself a wife, who was Lucile Drysdale of Carthage, Indiana. We would have enjoyed calling, but although the Guyatts may have been in we were not sure that they were yet "at home."

SEEING PICKERING COLLEGE

Another of the unexpected "openings" of our trip was the opportunity of seeing a little of Pickering College, situated on a commanding site, at the edge of town. The school was long maintained at Pickering, Ontario, by Canada Friends until 1905, when it was lost by fire. In 1909 it was rebuilt at Newmarket. It was discontinued at the outbreak of the Great War in 1914 and was taken over by the Canadian Government as a hospital during the war period. Two or three years ago it was reopened as a boarding school for boys and has quickly met a welcome and found a constituency which indicates that it has a place in the educational life of the Province. In this connection may we explain parenthetically that Pickering College was to have been represented in our Educational number two weeks ago, along with our other schools and colleges, but its "copy" arrived too late for insertion. We are therefore publishing it this week along with our Canada travel story.

We found an attractive, substantial brick building constituting the physical plant of the school, which stands as an earnest of the solid and enduring qualities of character and worth which the College has helped build into the boys and girls who have come under its influence. There was a personal interest in our call here, inasmuch as Dr. William P. and Ella Rogers Firth, whose guests we were to be at Go Home, had given the major part of their active careers to the successful direction of Pickering College.

BEARING OUR BROTHER'S BURDEN

Barrie was our next stop and—all out for a deferred lunch. Congregated around the dinner table, we took the census and found Ralph Boring missing. Some one recalled that he had bought a box of sweets to mail home! Up to this time we had looked upon Ralph's display of uxoriousness as a mark of unusual marital devotion—"a little better than

seems necessary," as the ad writers say it. But now we were led to wonder and to question. It began to look as though he might be doing pennace for something, trying to square himself as it were; or that he was under suspicion and was having to give continuous account of himself. Wishing to bear our brother's burdens, on his return to the group we generously offered to telegraph Mrs. Boring that under our surveillance and example her husband was conducting himself in an exemplary manner.

Late in the afternoon we reached our overland destination, Penetanguishene, or Penetang for short, located on Penetang Bay. Here we were met by our genial host, Dr. Firth, who had come down from Go Home the day before to lay in a large stock of provisions for withstanding the anticipated siege. Soon our bags and baggage were transferred to the Firths' cruiser, Nyoda, and we were out on the water.

As we sailed, or gasolined, out of Penetang harbor into the larger waters of Georgian Bay, Dr. Firth told us something of our surroundings. The district is replete with historic associations, being the scene, first, of Indian occupation and strife, handed down in lore and legend, and more definitely still, in the Indian place names which have been preserved, happily.

There is a story to the effect that when the French were defeated by the British in the French and Indian War, so-called, and ordered home their regiments in Canada, one company or unit of soldiers was overlooked and was left behind in the new world. These French soldiers adapted themselves to the conditions about them and intermarried with the Indians in their neighborhood, the result being a group or community which has maintained its Franco-Indian identity and characteristics rather remarkably. The Indian motif clearly predominates, as might be expected under the circumstances. It may be readily understood, therefore, why we were especially interested in "Billy," captain and pilot of the Nyoda, who is a descendant of a member of the lost company. Few men are said to know the ins and outs of Georgian Bay as he does.

WE RIDE THE RAINBOW ON GEORGIAN BAY

Penetang marks one of the oldest English settlements in Ontario. It and other towns in this region were very prosperous in the heyday of the lumber business, so graphically portrayed in Ralph Connor's novels. Now that the big timber is almost gone, their glory is largely departed. Thanks to the summer tourist business, some, like Penetang and Midland, maintain themselves with a fair degree of competence.

In the old days of armed conflict between England and the United States there was considerable activity in this section, particularly in the way of shipbuilding, toward upholding the supremacy of the mother country against the arrogant presumption of young Uncle Sam. And here we were, seven Yankees, willing captives of a loyal Britisher on his Canadian built cruiser, piloted by a Franco-Indian navigator. But the Indian name of the cruiser, Nyoda, means rainbow and we were on the way to an island paradise.

But as in the case of Bunyan's pilgrims, our way to paradise was beset with the snares of the evil one. Almost directly in the course of the Nyoda lay Whiskey Island! We trust it was not without significance that the island was almost submerged by the rising flood of what is claimed to be the purest, freshest water in the world. A little farther on lay the treacherous Gin Rocks! And to think that we had started from Temperance House! Certainly it was time for us to "go home." No wonder the lighthouse overlooking this bibulous section of Georgian Bay is named Reformation Light!

The "wet" terminology of our surroundings reminded our host of a former well known street intersection in Toronto. On the respective corners were located a church, a school, a government

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AERIAL VIEW OF FIRTH ISLAND

Firth home is in upper center of island. Boathouses at extreme left. Note one of the garden plots at lower left of the "Big House." House at lower right is rented for the season to a Toronto friend. Building on adjacent island, upper right, is a government biological station.

building and a dram shop. The public referred to the striking combination as salvation, education, legislation, and damnation.

It is a ride of eighteen miles from Penetang to the Go Home summer settlement. One cannot go as the crow flies, for the numerous shoals and hidden rocks compel a tortuous course. There is no romantic pleasantry here in the suggestion that the longest way round is the shortest way home. It is a fact to be kept well in mind.

Georgian Bay is coming to be one of the great recreation places of the whole country. The St. Lawrence river may sing its thousand islands, but Georgian Bay sings its ten thousand—43,000 to be exact, we were told. The section which we were now entering is advertised as the scenic ride of 30,000 islands. They are of all sizes and shape, though few would be counted large. For the most part they are almost solid rock. It is surprising the amount of vegetation they maintain, though timber is light and sparse. One is continually surprised, however, to see sizeable trees growing up out of a rocky base.

AN INTRODUCTION TO GO HOME

Along the eastern shore of the Bay, stretching more than a hundred miles in length, are numerous summer communities. One of these is that of Go Home, the term being the translation of the Indian name, indicating that the river flowing into the Bay here, marked the way home for them. It is composed of some sixty islands and carries "building restrictions." No one except those who have been connected with Toronto University in student or official capacity can own property in Go Home. Naturally the academic complex is considerably in evidence. Practically everybody seems to be an author and a substantial library could be maintained by leaving a standing order with your bookseller for the output of the Go Home intelligentsia.

The affairs of the settlement are managed by a board of directors or trustees. An amusing and illuminating story was told us of one of its meetings, called to transact some important business. Some one raised the question of putting up a caution sign on one of the navigation points when a two or three hour discussion ensued as to whether the sign should read "slow up" or "slow down" and whether it would be correct to say "go slow" or "go slowly." Later we saw the signboard in dispute and it read "slow."

As a matter of fact, while "high brow" Go Home is anything but fast. One reason for its exclusiveness is that it wishes to live the simple, wholesome life, free from the jazz and frills that are too large a part of the usual summer resort. So far as sartorial effects, or rather the lack of them, go, a stranger would be excusable for offering some learned and venerable professor a quarter to go dig some fishworms for bait. Confidentially, the white flannels and accessories to match which we took for "afternoon wear" reposed undisturbed in our suitcase! And it was better that way—especially as we probably saved ourselves a ducking.

IN WHICH WE COME HOME TO GO HOME

Landing on Firth Island, we were warmly welcomed at the boathouse by our hostess and by Wagoosh, the family dog, a thoroughbred Eskimo husky. Another welcome awaited us a little later up at the "big house," when we met Esther Rogers, sister of Mrs. Firth. It being about time for the evening meal, we were shown to our respective cottages, three of us in one and four in another, in which we readily made ourselves at home. Indeed, we would have changed the name to "Come Home" right on the spot.

We are not going to attempt to describe

what we found this lovely island to be. Without doubt it is the gem of Georgian Bay. Originally, it was very much like its 42,999 neighbor islands, consisting of bare rock and a few scrubby trees. Some years ago the Firths entertained, if not an angel unawares,* at least a Friend who contributed the paradise motif—one Tom Sykes by name. Tom suggested the idea of bringing in soil with the purpose of landscaping the island and making it a bower of beauty. The Firths caught up the suggestion at once and Tom backed up his nimble wits with a cooperative display of brawn to help bring it to pass. Some guests are that way—always setting embarrassing precedents.

In the intervening years, the Firths have worked steadily and joyously at the task, if task it may be called. First, some blasting had to be done to provide retaining points for the soil which was shipped in on barges. To indicate something of the work involved, the precious dirt had to be handled six times before it was ready for service, when it had become "pay dirt" for sure.

OUR VOCABULARY IS INADEQUATE

But now the result as we beheld it! Flowers of almost every description blooming everywhere in gorgeous profusion. We found them sometimes in terraces, sometimes bordering the rocky footpaths, and making beautiful every possible nook and cranny. Mrs. Firth devotes herself largely to her flower gardens and has had as many as one hundred varieties, all making the island to blossom like the rose. The very air was laden with the sweet perfume of old-fashioned garden pinks and Sweet Williams, of roses and other aromatic and alluring flowers. Had it not been for the serious purpose underlying all this, we might easily have imagined ourselves to have been suddenly transported to lotus island.

While the artistic and the esthetic have been emphasized, the practical has not been ignored. We have rarely seen such vegetable gardens and such berry patches. By way of convincing evidence, during our visit our large family circle was liberally served to fresh, island grown strawberries once and sometimes twice a day. Dr. Firth has installed an overhead irrigating system and with all Georgian Bay as a reservoir, often pumps 10,000 gallons of water at a time through his sprinkler pipes on his flowers, vegetables, and fruits.

There is no doubt that Firth Island, comprising perhaps four or five acres, is the garden spot, the show place of Georgian Bay. Many visitors come to see it and as steamboats pass, on the way up and down the Bay, passengers crowd the rail on the island side to view the pleasing prospect.

So far as Dr. and Mrs. Firth are concerned, however, this is not a show place. It is first of all a home, into the making of which have gone much joy and love. Furthermore, it is a home which they are eager to share with others, not only as intimate, personal friends, but as Friends sharing a common concern for the deepening of our spiritual life as individuals and as a group and for the extension of the Friendly Christian influence. In token thereof, witness their week's entertainment of seven husky, hungry outlanders from the States, who bore the name of Friend.

(To be continued.)

* We mean to suggest first, that there is a "reasonable doubt" as to whether Tom is an angel. In the second place, angel or not, he does not belong in the "unawares" class. We never knew anyone being unaware of Tom when he is about. We trust we have properly elucidated our reference.

VIRGINIA QUARTERLY MEETING AT SOMERTON

The old Somerton Meetinghouse, located in a community visited by George Fox in 1672, has been the scene of renewed activity, both material and spiritual, during recent months. Early this year the membership, feeling that the time had come to make some much needed improvements in order to care more adequately for a growing Sunday school, decided to begin building two additional rooms at the rear of the main building. This adventure in faith was begun with the rough lumber, previously donated as standing timber, on the yard, and forty-five dollars in the treasury. When Charles Whitely visited us in April the work of construction was well under way. His visit had much to do with the renewed spiritual activity noted above.

By the first of June the work was practically complete, a total of over $1,000.00 in cash and half as much in labor and drayage having been freely donated by the various friends of the meeting. It was the happy thought of Joseph L. Hare that it would be very fitting to invite two friends who are, so far as we know, the only Friends ministers who were descended from this meeting, to take part in the combined Memorial and Dedication, which was held June 9. In spite of unusually unfavorable weather, a packed house heard Clara I. Cox, of High Point, N. C., deliver the memorial address; after which Joseph H. Peele, of Guilford College, preached the dedicatory sermon, using as his theme: "The Pillar and Ground of the Church." The grandmother of these two friends had been married, about 1838, in the meetinghouse which stood somewhere near the site of the present structure.

Then, in July, Virginia Quarterly Meeting met with Somerton on the 20th and 21st. What is believed to have been almost a record was made when it was noted that all the appointed representatives, both to the Meeting on Ministry and Oversight and to the Quarterly Meeting were present. In place of the Bible School conference, which is usually held on First-day mornings, six young Friends who had attended the conference at Providence, R. I., gave their report. As they rose, one by one, from the gallery, one could not but be moved by the evidences of the inspiration which the conference had been to them; and the feeling was instinctive that these six young people were among those who must be the pillars of tomorrow's church. Surely they are preparing themselves properly for that important task.

Max I. Reich, of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, attended all the sessions of the Quarterly Meeting. He seemed to be especially favored with divine inspiration in his message on First-day morning, given from the theme: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He emphasized very forcibly the fact that the power of Christ was all sufficient to give freedom from the burdens of doubt and sin, with which our age is so heavily burdened.

The afternoon service, at the suggestion of Jesse Stanfield, pastor of the Corinth Meeting, resolved itself into a conference to determine, if possible, some of the concrete ways in which we might bring the message of the morning home to our individual hearts. It is felt that the discussions of this conference were very profitable.

Somerton Friends provided dinner on Saturday to all the visitors. This dinner, usually held under the venerable oak trees which grace the Meetinghouse yard, has come to be almost a feature of the July Quarterly Meeting.

Saturday evening, the recently organized D. E. F. Bible Class were hosts to the young friends of the Quarterly Meeting at a social held at the home of Leonard Byrd. About fifty, coming from all the meetings of the Quarterly Meeting, gathered in a room where Joseph John Gurney had preached over a hundred years ago. Max Reich, who seems to possess that unique ability of fitting into every occasion, spoke very acceptably for a few minutes to the young people; after which games, stunts, and music were enjoyed. Refreshments were served by the class.

By special arrangement, Max Reich also spoke to the congregation of the Suffolk Christian Church, on First-day evening. The members of this communion are always willing to co-operate with Friends in these parts, and seemed to appreciate our Friend and his message very much.

Mention must also be made of a large delegation of Friends from the Woodland section of North Carolina Conservative

Yearly Meeting, who attended the services of First-day. We cannot escape the conviction that such contacts as these are of great value; and that there can be no differences of real importance as between various groups who can mingle so freely, and with mutual pleasure and inspiration.

WESTFIELD CONFERENCE OF YOUNG FRIENDS

The general feeling of delegates attending the Young People's Conference of Western Yearly Meeting, held June 28-30, at Westfield, Indiana, may be expressed by the phrase, "Truly a great conference." The spirit which existed among these young people was wonderful. The number registering up until Saturday night was 308, exceeding that of last year, which was 254. This increase is more interesting since this year was the first that a registration fee was charged.

The theme of the Conference was "Building a Christian World," about which was built a group of excellent and carefully selected sermons and lectures that had been planned by the Committee, representing the Yearly Meeting Committees of Young People's Activities and of Religious Education. The efficient officers of the Conference Committee were: David W. Day, Chairman; and Mabel Quigg, Secretary. Paul Osborne of Hortonville welcomed the delegates in a few well-chosen words, to which Alma Hadley of Hadley, Indiana, gave fitting response. It was interesting and impressive to note how closely and directly each lecture and sermon was adapted to the general theme.

Among the speakers were: Prof. E. C. Ashcraft of Bonebrake Theological Seminary, Dayton, Ohio, who delivered five stirring lectures on the Principles of Jesus Applied to Present-day Conditions; Murray S. Kenworthy, Secretary of American Friends Service Committee, who considered the great question, "When Is a Man a Christian?" Elden H. Mills, who, during the Bible Hour, brought three very forceful discussions of the Book of Amos; Marie Cassell, Field Secretary of Board of Religious Education of the Five Years Meeting, who discussed the Sunday School as a great factor in building a Christian World; W. Bruce Hadley, Principal of Vermilion Academy, who gave the Conference sermon; and Joseph B. Rosemurgy, pastor of the Irvington M. E. Church, Indianapolis, who gave the closing address on the theme, "Making Life Effective."

A fine array of talent among the young people of Western Yearly Meeting was manifested, many of them filling places on the program and discussing different phases of the Conference theme. Reba Chase of New London considered, "The Home a Factor in Building a Christian World; Elizabeth Marsh brought greetings from the Young Friends of the Five Years Meeting outside of Western Y. M.; Lilith Farlow of Kokomo, presented "The School a Factor in Building a Christian World;" and Arthur Funstan of Indianapolis discussed "Business as a Factor." Devotional periods were led by Russell Carter, Bloomingdale; Wendell Smithermann, Mooresville; Martha Nutt, Carmel; Illa Hunt, Cicero; and Annice Carter of Russiaville.

Those presiding over the various sessions were: David Day, Westfield; Anna J. Maris, Paoli; Marcus Kendall, Carmel; Frances Andrews, Chicago; Orval H. Cox, Russiaville; Mabel Quigg, Crawfordsville; and Richard R. Newby, Plainfield. George Scherer of Kokomo had charge of the Fellowship Hour on Saturday afternoon when the devotional response by each Quarter was given. New London had the largest delegation, the fourth year in succession they have ranked first.

Saturday evening supper was served on the campus, which was followed by the varied and amusing stunts presented by Quarterly Meeting groups.

The Conference was favored throughout with the best of music in which the orchestras of Carmel and Westfield Quarterly Meetings participated at various times. The current of spiritual feeling reached its climax in the closing session when J. B. Rosemurgy broke down any remaining bonds of formality speaking straight from heart to heart.

Morris Barker, Chairman of Committee on Resolutions, presented the following, which was adopted: Resolved, That having been challenged by the theme of the Conference, and being deeply convinced that the principles and ideals of Jesus when experienced and expressed in human life furnish the dynamic to build a Christian world, we urge that spiritual purposes motivate all social and industrial phases of life; that we endorse the purpose of the All-American Friends Conference to be held at Oskaloosa in September, and that we commend the ideals of that Conference, namely, to promote a wider acquaintance and spiritual fellowship among Friends throughout America; that we commend President Hoover for his leadership in law enforcement and world peace, and pledge him our loyal support in this program.

E. R. CARTER.

Faith is precious only as it leans on what is trustworthy, and it is produced, not by thinking of faith itself, but of its proper object; therefore, Christ did not come preaching faith but preaching the Gospel of God and bidding men believe in that.—G. A. CHADWICK.

FRIENDS AT KANSAS CITY C. E. CONVENTION

At the Christian Endeavor Convention in Kansas City, Mo., Friends placed a register in the "Peace Booth" and something over a hundred Friends signed during the week. The morning service on Sunday at the Friends Church was well attended and while the speaker was not a Friend, Howard W. Cope and Moses Mendenhall of Iowa sat on the platform and had a part in the services. On Monday afternoon a reception was held at the church which was attended by about a hundred people. Many friends brought greetings and W. J. Reagan of Poughkeepsie, New York, gave a short address. The ladies of the church served refreshments. Several of the pastors of meetings in Kansas and Oklahoma were present. These included Carl Byrd and Herbert Reynolds, also others from nearby meetings.

Taking it all in all, it was indeed a very fine Conference and the splendid emphasis on world peace, and the Christian attitude towards war was very inspiring and hopeful. I understand that thirteen thousand registrations were made and I should say that the local attendance of delegates ran around ten thousand.

One of the most inspiring features of the Convention was the parade on July 4th. The weather was very warm and the time was unappropriate for the "down town" parade; nevertheless, it made an impression upon the city. The Oklahoma State Delegation won first place in the parade and the Cherokee County unit, headed by Herbert Reynolds, led off the parade.

F. A. WRIGHT.

QUAKER HAVEN ACTIVITIES

Most of the cottages here are now filled. Each week Friends from different communities are staying in the Lodge for meals and lodging and enjoying the fishing in Dewart Lake.

The Young Friends Conference and Ministers Short Course were well attended.

The persons who are staying at the Lake are having Sunday School every Sunday at 10 o'clock, which is well attended and greatly enjoyed by all. Three of the cottages are occupied by Presbyterian ministers and their families, who are proving themselves very helpful as teachers and pianists. The different Meetings represented at Sunday School on July 28 were Newcastle, Marion, Upland, Kokomo, Cincinnati and West Milton. We encourage all who come to stay over the week-ends to arrange to attend Sunday School. We are also glad to welcome guests through the week to stay at the Lodge and rest, fish, and feel at home with us.

OUTLOOK AND OUTREACH

A Contributed Page by the American Friends Service Committee

CLARENCE E. PICKETT, Executive Secretary—20 S. 12th St., Philadelphia Pa.

QUAKERISM ON DISPLAY AT OSKALOOSA

A wide and varied display of Friends activities in the United States and from the United States will be on exhibition during the Oskaloosa Conference, September 3rd to 9th. Among the organizations and institutions which have been asked to exhibit, nearly all having already promised to do so, are: Friends Book and Supply House, Richmond, Indiana; Friends Book Store of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting (Arch Street); Book Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting (Race Street); *The American Friend, The Friend, The Friends Intelligencer;* Board on Religious Education of the Five Years' Meeting; Board on Missions of the Five Years' Meeting; Friends Mission Board, Arch Street; Friends Mission Board, Ohio Yearly Meeting; Indian Rights Association; Young Friends Association; all the Friends Colleges; all the Friends secondary schools; the American Friends Service Committee.

The class-rooms of Penn College are at the disposal of the Conference, and the exhibits will be arranged in these, grouped according to quantity and subject. This should be one of the most interesting features of the entire week.

CHALONS CONTINUES ITS WORK

Friends will remember that the Chalons Maternity Hospital was established by our workers in France early in the history of our work there. When we left France, funds were found to endow the hospital for continued work as a model institution of its kind, and as an international center, as well. This last is achieved by bringing the nurses' aides from several different countries. The Service Committee has sent two from the United States each year since the scheme was worked out. Other workers there at present are Alsatian, Dutch, English—and, of course, French.

The Maternity Hospital is especially useful because it accommodates not only mothers with the new babies, but older children, as well, up to perhaps three or four years. The work of the nurses' aides, therefore, is not confined to the care of infants; we may say that they have also the experience of a junior kindergarten in French.

During the last year four American girls have had experience here, two at a time for six months each, each couple spending the other six months in study in some city where there is a Quaker Goodwill Center.

A long letter has just come to the Service Committee from Mademoiselle Merle, the head of the hospital. "You ask me," she says, "of the work of the American girls during 1929. There is not much to say, for the work is always rather the same. I can say, however, that the Americans we had in 1929—Louise Hoke, Helen Meader, Anna Hussey, and Janet Battey—have been *excellent* workers, and of valuable service for the friendly spirit in the house. They certainly knew what was the meaning of international *life*—for *life* is quite different from *talk* in internationalism, as in many other things. They worked willingly; they all had excellent health (which is invaluable), and constant good spirits.

"I think they have made new friendships with other girls of other nationalities, and we will always keep in touch with them with great pleasure. You know, perhaps, that Miss Hussey has adopted one of our babies, and I wish I could see all our babies going from here in the arms of such a fine adopted grandfather as Mr. Hussey was! The baby being of Polish origin, born in France, abandoned in France, adopted by the French Government first, then by American citizens, is a good example of international mixture and help.

"Our international circle seems to grow instead of decreasing. In January, for the first time, two Armenian girls will come here, and add a new nationality and a new language to our household. We are quite decided to go on in the same international path. It makes sometimes the work more difficult, but it gives a strikingly original touch to the house, and it widens and strengthens our life and our work."

NEWS FROM FRANKFURT

Frank Bradbeer and Rebecca Biddle Bradbeer, formerly of Media, Pa., have now left the Quaker work in Frankfurt, Germany, Frank after five and one-half years of devoted service, his wife after about a year, "but," says the German minute of regret, "we have felt in her also the power of a dedicated life, and the sweetness and depth of her ministry. She has thrown herself with fresh enthusiasm into the work amongst children and young people, and in welcoming friends to her home, she has contributed to the life of the Centre." Before leaving, they visited Quaker Centers in Stuttgart, Nurnberg, Furth and Berlin.

The center of Quaker activities in Frankfurt is now at Leerbachstr 47, where the group will have two pleasant rooms, well adapted to the present requirements. The Depot, which for nine valuable years has sold staple articles of food and clothing at less than wholesale prices to several hundred "invited" families of the newly poor, has now closed down. Dorothy Henkel, of England, has given almost continuous service to this work, and says, "As I filled in the *last* card, as I had filled in the *first*, I felt a deep thankfulness that we had been able to achieve what we have." Dorothy Henkel is to continue in the service, but is being "lent" to the German Yearly Meeting to carry on with them.

The International Club, another important feature of the work here is to be continued, under the lead of Alfons Paquet, one of the leading writers in Germany today, and a concerned member of the group of Friends of Quakerism. This was originally a club of students. Now it draws together not only students, but manual workers, clerks, and others, all mixing freely together in good fellowship, and all interested in the common international idea. Such a mingling of classes is remarkable, even in the post-war Germany.

SERVING IN RUSSIA

Our representatives, Alice Davis and Nadalie Danielievsky, who have taken public health in Russia as their service, are now working in the Botskinsky Hospital on the outskirts of Moscow. They have been assigned to work in the scarlet fever ward for children, and placed on the regular staff—"which means that we can be discharged only for some terrible nursing crime, or because of a general cut in the hospital budget."

They are living in a new cooperative house in the pine woods not far from the hospital—twenty minutes by street car, though there is a walk of ten minutes at each end. "When it went to 30 degrees below zero, we didn't appreciate the walk so much, but now it is lovely."

Alice Davis adds that "I have had such a strong feeling that we have been led every step of the way this winter. In fact, ever since I came to Russia in 1922, everything has seemed to go in a series of miracles without any planning for the next step, and whenever I tried to make a plan of my own, it has been difficult or impossible to carry it out." . . . . "I feel that we may be useful here in the not very distant future."

Remember, said a Quaker to his son, in making thy way in the world a spoonful of oil will go further than a quart of vinegar.

CORRESPONDENCE AND COMMENT

These columns are open to expressions of opinion on the part of readers so far as it seems to come within the range of the general welfare of our body and is expressed in a co-operative constructive spirit. Obviously, sentiments expressed by contributors herein, or otherwise in the paper for that matter, cannot be held to reflect those of The American Friend.

WAR—WHAT FOR?

Editor THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

The refusal to grant citizenship to a Yale professor who insisted upon knowing what he is to fight for, before enlisting, recalls the issue, "Fifty Four Forty or Fight." The war spirit was aroused and many enlisted to fight England for a territory that would have been free soil. The war spirit thus aroused spent its force in fighting Mexico for the expansion of slave territory. Under the most favorable circumstances, a soldier cannot eat, sleep or drink without orders. In war, the dead lose, the cripples lose and the vanquished lose. Who wins?

It is imperative that those who claim to be conscientiously opposed to war should study the various causes, direct and indirect. Freedom to exchange is the basis of all property rights. If we recognize the world as a unit, then any infringement on freedom to exchange is untenable in thought and deed.

CHARLES E. LUKENS.

Marion, Ohio.

HOW IT CAN BE DONE

Editor THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

The poor financial situation of our Missionary Board should alarm us, not only for the effect on the work in the field, but much more for the conditions at home. If one could have all the Five Years Meeting membership before him in a body the amount needed could be raised in a few minutes by putting the facts before them. We claim much for Divine leading, but when we fail so miserably in such small matters as a few thousand dollars in our entire body, what will folks, our own children, perhaps, think of our claims?

If one dollar were given by all our adult members the amount would be raised and no one would be the poorer. If one who hired a man to work on farm, or in shop or store was as slow as the church to pay, what confidence would be placed in them? D. S. PICKETT.

Argonia, Kan.

NOT TRIFLES, SHE THINKS

Editor THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

In the issue of THE AMERICAN FRIEND for July 11, appeared an article by Elbert Russell entitled, "Christian Nonconformity," in which he tells of a man who had traveled widely in this country on business who said he could not tell by their conduct who of the men were church members with whom he did business. One cannot be sure that church members are even law-abiding citizens, etc. All of which is doubtless in too great a measure true. Yet Jesus taught, he points out, that Christians should be distinguished by their conduct, and that Paul enjoined the Romans not to be conformed to this world. Hence a Christian should live in this world but conform always to the standards of the righteousness of the Kingdom of God. Surely he ought. Then he says that the old fear of worldliness was largely directed toward trifles or externals. It was too much negative in character. I don't understand what is meant by "too much negative in character;" whether it was the fear of worldliness or what; and then the trifles or externals are named which are dress, amusements and speech, while the weightier matters of social righteousness, business and political justice, and universal love were ignored. Then he says that in this present age Christians ought to be noticeably different in these fundamental things.

Surely they ought—I agree, and they ought also to be noticeably different in what he terms trifles or externals. There are Clement of Alexandria, Robert Barclay, George Fox, C. G. Finney, John Wesley, and many others whose names have come down to us in history, and why? Because of righteousness, justice, and love. Here is what some of them say in reference to amusements, dress, etc. Mary Fletcher: "I saw myself as a steward who must render an account, I saw clearly that the helping of my fellow creatures in need was far more rational and pleasant than spending my substance on superfluities, etc., surely I ought not only to give way to their necessity but also (as occasion may require) my necessities to their extremities." Sophia Hume says: "One argument some have made use of to support the vanity of dress was this: that pride was not in the clothes, but in the heart—an assertion I have greatly proved true by my own experience; for I know full well that pride proceeds from a vain and ambitious heart; and that if it had not its residence and seat there it would not appear in the habit or garb. Though religion stands not simply in clothes, yet true religion stands in that which bounds and sets limits to clothes as well as to other things." William Penn: "Pride leads people to a fond value of their persons, especially if they have any pretentions to shape or beauty, etc., for cost they spare not. That which aggravates the evil is that the pride of one might comfortably supply the need of ten." He also says, "Plainness is odd, uncouth, and goes mightily against the grain: but so does Christianity too, and for the same reasons." C. G. Finney says: "There is no way in which we can bear a proper testimony by our lives against the fashions of the world but by dressing plain. I do not mean that we should study singularity; but that comfort, economy, and convenience be consulted, although it be singular."

It does seem to me a grave mistake to denominate those things as trifles. The Book itself is explicit as to these things, and no further evidence of worth should be required. S. ELIZABETH JORDAN.

Route No. 4, Lynn, Indiana.

FAVORS BIBLE CONFERENCE

Editor THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

There may be some of our ministers who do not receive the Winona literature, so I am sending this brief note to THE AMERICAN FRIEND to encourage all our ministers, especially the younger ones, so far as possible to attend the Conference, August 16-26. After twenty years' experience at the Conference I know of no place where one will receive greater help than here. The whole atmosphere of the place is spiritual, inspirational and educational. It seems that each year the program exceeds in helpfulness all that has gone before as the greatest speakers from different parts of the world bring the messages.

ALPHEUS TRUEBLOOD.

Richmond, Indiana.

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QUAKERDOM · AT · LARGE

Roy H. Wollam, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Tucson, Arizona, brightened the editorial door with his radiant smile the other day. His church now has five full time workers on its staff. Under his leadership the membership has steadily increased and a very substantial addition to the plant is now being planned.

* * * *

Miss May Chao, whose father has been Director of the Chinese Educational Mission to this country, located at Washington, D. C., is in Richmond prepared to enter Earlham College as a Freshman next month. Mr. Chao is a friend of President-elect William C. Dennis since the days of the latter's residence in Peking as legal adviser to the Chinese Government.

* * * *

Gurney and Elizabeth Binford have returned to Richmond after an extended visit with Friends in Canada, where they attended most of the meetings in Ontario and were present at the Yearly Meeting. For more than thirty years they have been their missionary representatives in Japan, returning on furlough from time to time and reporting the progress of the work there. They expect to represent Japanese Friends at the All-Friends Conference at Oskaloosa next month and in October take passage again for Japan.

* * * *

In speaking of being "profoundly moved" by our Friend William C. Allen's new book, "War: Behind the Smoke Screen," Frederick Lynch, long time editor of *Christian Work* and internationally known publicist and speaker, says the book is about the most terrible indictment of the whole war system he has ever read. Frederick Lynch gives a whole page to a review and interpretation of the book in a recent issue of *The Presbyterian Advance*. The volume may be had through our Friends Book and Supply House. Price, $1.50.

* * * *

David M. Edwards, who is abroad with the Sherwood Eddy party, writes us from Paris under date of July 29, of the wonderful experience they are enjoying in the unsurpassed opportunity of learning conditions in Europe. "One understands better the facts of common knowledge," he says, "when he comes to know the psychology of the people." We anticipate having some interesting articles from David Edwards later for publication. His wife, Elizabeth Edwards, and small daughter, Phyllis, are joining him in England near the first of September and he plans to spend a year there in study, a part of which time will be spent at Woodbrooke School.

* * * *

On the first page of the *Bella Vista News* (Arkansas) for July 27 appears a picture of Henry C. and Melissa Fellow standing beside their mountain cottage, "Fellow's Nest." The latter is characterized as "one of the best loved summer homes at Bella Vista, due to its occupants, its hospitality and its homelike atmosphere." The editor says the Fellows "have woven their lives into the lives and friendships of thousands of the folks of Bella Vista and vicinity." Both local papers feature "Uncle Henry's" well known rhymes and lyrics.

* * * *

Joseph B. Matthews, newly elected as Secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation to succeed Bishop Paul Jones, recently became a Friend by convincement. For a time he was student-pastor at Fisk University, in the administration of Thomas E. Jones, and taught at Scarritt College, Nashville, recently referred to by Elizabeth Emerson in her correspondence from that city. He was one of the leaders at the World Youth Peace Congress in Europe last summer, which he has reported and interpreted in his book, "Youth Looks at World Peace."

* * * *

Horace E. Coleman, who after long years of faithful service has relinquished his work as Secretary of the International Sunday School Association for Japan, was a visitor at the office one day last week. He and his wife Floy Rhode Coleman, are organizing a bureau of goodwill in the Orient, a feature of which is to be the promotion of acquaintance and goodwill tours. They are receiving much encouragement in the enterprise, especially from influential and public men in Japan. The Colemans have not definitely settled the place of their future residence in this country. After many years of separation from American Quakerism they hope to reestablish their connection with Friends.

* * * *

An account of the twenty-first General Meeting of New Zealand Friends held in May at the Wanganui School is given in the *Australasian Friend*. About fifty members from different parts of New Zealand were present and four visitors from England, including Rachel M. Rutter who attended the Five Years Meeting in 1927. A report showing the good progress of the new school was read by the Headmaster. The subject of military training was considered and a letter drafted to be sent to the Government asking that the Conscientious Objector may be allowed exemption, whatever his religious belief. At the Young Friends gathering, an interesting discussion followed a consideration of the question: "Do we, when choosing our life work, consider whether our spiritual growth will be strengthened or retarded by it?" The hope was expressed that the Wellington Meetinghouse, soon to be commenced, may be completed in time for the General Meeting next year.

NEWS OF OUR MEETINGS

A fine delegation from the Smithfield Monthly Meeting at Woonsocket, R. I., attended the New England Yearly Meeting held in Providence, and the Young Friends Conference which followed. Those having automobiles were most kind in taking those who cared to attend the meetings, making the trip very comfortable and pleasant. The meetings were excellent and it was indeed a privilege and help to attend them, and hear the able speakers who were there.

* * * *

Bethel Friends Meeting near Grant, Nebraska, was recently blest with a gracious revival, with Bessie F. Brown, returned missionary from China, as evangelist. Friends had prayed earnestly for God's direction in getting the right evangelist for this time and place, and feel that Bessie Brown was truly sent of God. Souls found God and the church took a decided step forward. Bethel Friends have considered for sometime the erection of a much needed meetinghouse and definite plans are now going forward for the same.

* * * *

At Vermilion Quarterly Meeting (Western Yearly Meeting) Bible Memory Contest, held recently, Esther Haworth of the Georgetown, Illinois, Meeting won first place. In the Peace Contest held a few days later Charles Jordon of the Hopewell Meeting won first place and Helen Herren and Rogena Davenport of the Georgetown Meeting won second and third places. There were eight contestants.

* * * *

Eunice Estes, who won the first prize, a handsome Bible, in the Bible School Contest at New England Yearly Meeting, is a daughter of Joseph C. and Hattie L. Estes, members of Smithfield Monthly Meeting. She has a most interesting background of Quaker faith and it can probably be equaled in few instances.

Whittier College Invites You to Southern California to Study

The Location:

Whittier College, a coeducational institution, located in Whittier, California, approximately twelve miles east of the business center of Los Angeles, was founded by the Society of Friends and named in honor of the beloved American poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. Situated as it is on the slopes of the Puente hills, one can look across the valley and ocean to Catalina Island, some fifty miles away. Few college locations give opportunity for enjoying the mountains, the valley, the desert and the sea. Within forty-five minutes a member of the college community may enjoy practically any diversion suited to his tastes or needs. Mountain climbing, salt water swimming, cultural and literary entertainment are all within an hour's time of the college campus.

Faculty and Student Body:

The faculty consists of thirty-five scholarly men and women whose work with students is always wholesome and constructive. The student body limited to five hundred in number, consists of a group of young men and women who are interested in the development of character, personality and scholarship.

The Curriculum:

Whittier College offers in its course of study the subjects (including art and music) generally given by a four-year college of liberal arts. Credentials to teach in the elementary schools in this and all other states are given with the degree of A.B., provided the required educational courses are carried. Credentials to teach physical education and music in the high schools of California are also granted. The college is on the approval list of the Association of American Universities, which makes its credits acceptable by the leading colleges and universities of the country.

Idealism:

A college cannot be great without aesthetic and spiritual motives. These inhere in the historical background of Whittier College by reason of the high standards and devoted purposes of its founders, of the philosophy and idealism of John Greenleaf Whittier, in whose honor the college was named. Such idealism serves to stimulate high attainments in the field of scholarship and citizenship.

A catalogue will be sent and all questions answered if letters of inquiry are directed to the Registrar.

Richard Estes, in 1671, was fully convinced of the truth; only twenty-three years after George Fox began his preaching. He came to America in 1684, spending two months and sixteen days on the ocean. During the voyage he bought a Bible from the master of the ship. He adopted this country as his own, taking Elizabeth Beck as his wife at the Friends Meetinghouse in Dover, N. H., in 1687. From 1671 to 1929, the chain has been unbroken, each Estes having been a birthright Friend and active in his membership. Eunice is an associate member by birth. Her mother is a descendant of the Chase family, whose Quaker heritage lacks but a few years of being as old as that of the Estes family.

* * * *

The Tri-Quarterly Christian Endeavor Conference was held at Glenview, near Glen Elder, Kansas, July 26-28. Susie Frazier was the speaker from outside the Quarterly Meetings. L. L. Cravens and wife are remaining at Northbranch as pastors for another year.

* * * *

The fourth annual Daily Vacation Bible School was held at Cedar Creek, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, July 8-21. Twenty-one pupils enrolled, with ages ranging from six to twelve years. A large and appreciative audience enjoyed the interesting program on Sunday morning, July 21, which consisted of songs, memory work, Bible and missionary stories, drama, flag salutes, closing with the Mizpah Benediction. Much credit is due the pastors, Allen and Izetta Reynolds, who had charge of the Juniors; Viola Harshbarger, the Primary, and Lois Trueblood the music and recreation. After services all enjoyed looking at the handwork on display, which seemed almost impossible to do in so short a time.

* * * *

On July 13, 1929, the annual Quaker picnic in which ten or twelve meetings were represented, was held on the west bank of the Hudson River, underneath the shadow of the Palisades. The day was fine, in spite of the date, and eighty were present, of whom about twenty-five were Summer School students, and fifteen Friends of the Liberal Branch. Games were played by the energetic with much spirit and fun, while the basket supper by the river edge was most welcome to all the happy, hungry participants. As the evening darkened, the lights made still more picturesque the piers of the great new bridge and the outline of New York City. It was with a feeling of great satisfaction and thankfulness that Friends took their homeward ways after a happy and glorious time together thoroughly enjoyed by older and younger members of the group.

MARKER UNVEILING

The members of White Lick Quarterly Meeting will hold the business session at 10 o'clock A. M., Saturday, August 10, at the old White Lick Buryingground, one and one-half miles northwest of Mooresville, Indiana. The meeting for worship will also be held there at 11 A. M., Sunday. Gertrude M. Reinier will bring the message. Basket dinner at 12:30.

At 2:30 P. M. a marker on the site of the first brick meetinghouse will be unveiled. The address will be given by Wm. A. Hadley of Chicago. Following this, a stone will be unveiled in memory of Catherine Mulloy, a member of White Lick Quarterly Meeting more than sixty years ago, a modest Quaker woman whose bequests to the meeting have been the means of much good being accomplished, both in the meeting and community.

An invitation is extended to all interested friends.

EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Whittier College advertisement appearing on this page was intended for our recent Educational Number, but was received too late for insertion. We wish our readers to know of Whittier's good intentions and cooperative spirit in this connection.

Read It or Leave It!

A Corner of the Paper in which We May Talk Shop, and be Personal

To appear Once in a While if not Oftener

"I sometimes read the paper forward and sometimes backward, but I read it *all.*" So writes Mary G. Chawner of Evanston, Illinois. Fine! The order of reading isn't important after all. After handing the Editor and V. F. and his travel articles a bouquet (we are a trifle modest after all) she says the monthly *Messenger of Peace* section adds much of value and interest. Then, "I believe THE AMERICAN FRIEND ought somehow to get to every American Friend." So do we, but we would be fairly well satisfied to reach every other Friend, omitting the odd ones. Of course we think that all non-subscribing members are odd Friends.

TELL US HOW MANY YOU CAN REMEMBER

We spoke at the morning meeting at Fountain City, ten miles north of Richmond, on July 28. There is always a thrill in going to this pretty little town, which, in the old days when it was called Newport, was the union station on the Underground Railroad, under the presidency of Levi Coffin. Furthermore, it is the home of George N. Hartley, who taught us and preached to us in our early boyhood days at Newberg, Oregon.

Preliminary to our message, we spoke our appreciation of having George Hartley on the platform with us, presiding over the meeting, and said that about the only sermon which we can remember from boyhood was one preached by him. We were about ten years old and had pony very much on the brain at the time—just as our ten-year-old daughter does now. George was telling his hearers that there was Christian work for all of them to do—that every man, woman and child was fitted for some task. To illustrate, he said that on the farm the draft horse was needed for heavy work, the carriage horse for driving and the pony for running errands. Of course, it was the illustration that drove the thing home to the boy. After the meeting our friend told us he not only remembered the sermon but the pony as well, his illustration being taken from a farm near Plainfield.

A word to our preachers: How many of your sermons do you suppose stick here and there in the minds—and memories—of the children in your audience? More frequent illustrations from their own life and interest would doubtless increase your batting average in this important respect.

A query to adult readers generally: How many sermons can you remember from the time you were ten or thereabouts? We would like to know.

COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE

A highly respected Friend who has always been influential in his community for things worth while has been compelled to give up his accustomed activity on account of ill health. He is able to read and study, however, and drive about some among his neighbors and is thankful that it is so. "But the greatest blessing in the world," he writes us, "is the girl that I persuaded to come home with me forty-six years ago who is still at my side and in good health." How we like that! What a breath of pure, wholesome home atmosphere it brings across the domestic wastes which are being thrust upon public attention! "Still at my side"—*this* is companionate marriage, in spirit and in truth.

A STREET TRAGEDY

We saw it plainly from our editorial window. Sitting as if fascinated, we beheld the result of the crash, the remains so scattered over the street that they could not be collected for removal. Our corner is a busy one and many are the near tragedies we have witnessed here, but we had never anticipated anything quite like this. The accident seemed so unnecessary, the loss so poignant. It rolled off the man's shoulder, right in the middle of the street and "busted" hopelessly—a big, luscious watermelon. It may have been humor to some, but it was tragedy to the man who hurried on down the street, talking inside but trying to act unconcerned—and it was tragedy to at least one onlooker whose mouth watered fruitlessly, if watermelon is a fruit. No? But maybe you don't have a real blown-in-the-bottle taste for watermelons. Moreover, in the language of the sales ladies in smart shops, they are "very good this year," way down in Old Indiana at least.

HOW TO BE HAPPY AT A PICNIC

This is the picnic season at its best, with yellow legged chickens rounding into form and watermelons in the pink of condition. We have been reading of a wingless chicken that has been produced, for the relief, Will Rogers says, of those who have to wait for the second table. Theoretically, there is no second table at a picnic, but the general result is the same. If one is courteous and self-effacing, preferring others, others will prefer the first table helpings. You look on from afar, writhing inwardly while looking pleasant and neighborly outwardly. It is, indeed, a severe drain on one's religion and in summertime at that.

We are working on a counter technique. Instead of letting our mind rest on breast and thigh, we are training our eye to turn appreciatively toward the wing and the gizzard and other accessories. We say, speaking to No. 1, that we are really partial to these plebeian pieces. So when we get access to the picnic platter and find an array of necks, wings, backs and gizzards, we murmur, "Just what we wanted." There is so little competition in this area that one can really acquire a great deal of nourishment without seeming to be—well, you know.

Now, please understand. Like Paul, we do not claim to have attained fully. We are still in the experimental stage. If Visiting Friend should show up in any of your communities on some picnic occasion, don't take advantage of our good intentions. A thigh or a drumstick still appeals; and yes, a little of the white meat, thank you.

MAN'S SOCIAL DESTINY

BY CHARLES A. ELLWOOD

This powerful book by a distinguished social scientist presents a thorough study of present-day social pessimism. The author then shows the resources of mankind which must cope with these problems. Charles Clayton Morrison says of the book: "It comes at the dawn of a new era for civilization and will do much to usher it in. The author seems to begin at the beginning of the whole problem, and he ends with Christ."

Price, $2.00

FRIENDS BOOK AND SUPPLY HOUSE

101 South Eighth Street Richmond, Indiana

WHITTIER NEWS ITEMS

The Women's Missionary Society of the First Friends Church of Whittier, California, held its Quarterly Meeting in Central Park, with a business session in the forenoon. A delightful picnic dinner was served. Splendid reports of the Los Angeles Summer School of Missions were given by Grace White and Mrs. J. C. Hodson. The afternoon program was in charge of Mary Van Deman and Emma F. Coffin conducted the devotional period. A short talk by Florabel Rosenberger was much enjoyed. The missionary talk of the afternoon was given by Jennie Hoover, who is on furlough from Jamaica. She is a first cousin to Herbert Hoover. The instrumental music was in charge of Mary and Dorothy Van Deman and Granville Starbuck.

Clifford and Susan Johnson are just home from an extended visit in the East. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Newshutz and Milo Hunt and wife are also among the number who have recently returned from trips to the middle west and the southern states.

Roger Hickman of Richmond, Indiana, is a welcome visitor in Whittier, the home of his earlier years. Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Wildman and children, of Richmond, are also here visiting his mother, Cora Wildman. Martha Pick, an Earlham College teacher, is seeing California and is spending some time in Whittier.

Emma F. Coffin taught the Men's Bible Class July 14. The room was well filled. Much appreciation was expressed. She also led the mid-week prayer meeting, July 17. The prayer meeting service, July 24, was in charge of the "Get Busy" Sunday School Class, of which Dr. L. M. Greene is teacher.

The many friends of Andrew F. Mitchell will be pained to learn that he is in declining health at this time. However, we hope that he may be spared to us.

Mary Dell Allen's book of poems, "Lilacs," is now off the press and is a "thing of beauty."

INVITES CORRESPONDENCE

The Pastoral Committee of the Greenfield, Indiana, Friends Meeting would like to communicate with any one desiring or planning to make a change of pastorates this fall. Address Mrs. Elizabeth Henby, 625 West Main Street, Greenfield, Indiana. The Meeting will be without a pastor by September 1st, inclusive.

"OUR LEGACY"

The play written by Josephine Rhoades Davis for the Edmundson-Fox Memorial at Hertford, North Carolina, has been bound in an attractive booklet; showing scenes on the Causeway and the Old Float Bridge used for many years for crossing the Perquimans River; can now be secured from F. H. Nicholson, Chm. Greensboro, N. C. Price 25c.

BIRTHS

CLINE — To Mr. and Mrs. Hermon Cline, Northbranch, Kansas, July 11, 1929, a son, Gene Waldon.

HAWORTH—To Dwight and Bess Haworth, Georgetown, Illinois, July 12, 1929, a daughter, Ruth Marland.

HERENDEEN — To Arthur and Leora Allen Herendeen, Farmington, N. Y., at the Thompson Memorial Hospital, Canandaigua, N. Y., July 24, 1929, a son, George Morey.

CLARK—To Nolan and Maurine Lawrence Clark, Kemah, Texas, July 30, 1929, a daughter, Emma Lou.

LAWRENCE—To Wilfred E. and Geneva Lawrence, Kemah, Texas, July 1, 1929, a son, Clifford Elmer. (Both are grandchildren of Elmer and Eliza J. Lawrence of League City, Texas.)

WINTERS—To Ernest and Melba Winters, Georgetown, Illinois, May 12, 1929, a daughter, Ruth Mary.

DEATHS

ALMY—At Forestdale, R. I., June 14, 1929, Emma M. (Cook), wife of Irving H. Almy, in her 76th year. She was a member of Smithfield Monthly Meeting at Woonsocket, R. I., but has been unable to attend meeting for several years. Her husband survived her until July 27, 1929. He was not a member of the Meeting. One son, two daughters and eight grandchildren survive them.

FOLGER—At her home in Wichita, Kansas, July 1, 1929, Mary Josephine Cutler, widow of Thomas Folger, in her 82nd year. When in health she was capable and friendly, but she was invalid for five years. She was a member of University Monthly Meeting. Five daughters and one son survive: Mrs. Alvin C. Barrett, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Wilbur K. Thomas, Great Barrington, Mass.; Mrs. H. D. Crumly, Steamboat Springs, Colo.; Mrs. B. H. Shields, Baxter Springs, Kansas; Mary and Earl J. Folger, Wichita, Kansas.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Lesson for Aug. 18: The Return from Captivity. Ezra 1:1-6; Psalm 126:1-6.

Golden Text: Jehovah hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Psalm 126:3.

M. Judah Taken Captive. 2 Chron. 36: 14-21.

T. Judah Mourns in Babylon. Psalm 137:1-6.

W. The Return Prophesied. Jer. 29: 10-14.

T. Cyrus Decrees the Return. Ezra 1:1-4.

F. Rejoicing in Deliverance. Psalm 126:1-6.

S. Spiritual Restoration. Isa. 35:1-10.

S. Jehovah a Deliverer. Psalm 124.

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FOR RENT

Seven-room house with garage, near Earlham College. Address J. A. Henley, 341 College Avenue, Richmond, Ind.

LOCAL MEETING DIRECTORY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
4413 Indiana Ave. Take Indiana Surface Car, or South Side Elevated to 43d. Bible School 9:45; Worship 11:00 a. m. Second Sunday each month is Suburban day, with luncheon served at 12:30 and Discussion Group meeting at 2:00. Arnold B. Vaught, Pastor, 5618 Drexel Ave. Telephone Midway 0213. Names and addresses of Friends coming to Chicago should be sent to the above address.

CINCINNATI, OHIO
Cincinnati Friends Meeting is held in the Carson Lodge Room, 218 Ludlow Avenue, Clifton, Cincinnati, Ohio. Bible School, 10:15, and Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Ministers, Henry G. and Jane E. Summerhayes, address, 3580 Lossing Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Visitors welcome.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Detroit Monthly Meeting of Friends, 2691 Joy Road, near Linwood. Take Fourteenth or Clairmount cars. Bible School 10:00 a. m. Meetings for Worship, 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to all friends everywhere. Pastor Ira C. Dawes, 2662 Pasadena Ave. Phone Arlington 7532J. Church Phone, Euclid 4088.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
Friends Meeting, 950 W. 17th St., corner of Toberman. Sabbath Meeting for worship, 11 a. m. Bible School, 9:45 a. m. H. R. Keates, Minister.

HOW MUCH LIFE INSURANCE DOES A MAN REALLY NEED?

HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED? HAVE YOU ENOUGH? TOO MUCH?

"Your Income and Your Life Insurance" is the name of an interesting and rather attractive little booklet which answers the above questions in a clear and straightforward manner.

We shall be very glad to send you a complimentary copy on request.

PROVIDENT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF PHILADELPHIA